

all modern fixins') with their own hands. They're doing it right out in the fashionable Piedmont district of Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. It's most done, too. Out of their third story window they can see the whole bay country, San Quentin prison and a lot of other things that mean inspiration.

The house is a good job, so far as our reporter can ascertain.

"We have already placed 37,000 shingles on the roof and nailed them down with our own hands," says Mr. W.

Going some, isn't it—for a novelist? Laying shingles is a pipe. But nailing them down, after they're laid. That's real class! Try it and see.

"Carpenter work is just common sense," adds Mr. W. "We drew our own plans and got out building permit on our own drawings. The structure has been inspected and passed upon as being well built and meeting all the requirements of the building ordinances.

"Our reasons for building our own home? We had several of them. One thing, we felt that I needed a rest—that I wanted to get away from books and literary work. Other reasons were the saving of expense and of the architect, the contractor's profit and the cost of labor."

The Whitakers work from 5 o'clock in the morning until dark, knocking off an hour at noon for lunch. They say they like the long hours.

Don't think the photo that goes

with this is any "fake" either. Mrs. W., the poetess, puts in a full day's work every day. When she isn't helping hubby with the carpentry work, she's doing wood carving on the furniture that's going in.

And all this is a true story.

JOHNSON SOLD OUT?

Jack Johnson has sold his Cafe de Champion, and has retired from the saloon business—or at least, Jack Johnson says he has.

"I'm going to move tomorrow," Johnson said today. "I'd move today, only I don't like to move on Friday. I sold my business Wednesday."

"Who did you sell it to?" was asked.

"Why, to Henry Sterrett. Henry ought to be able to get a license for the place quite easily now that I am out of the business."

This remains to be seen. Henry Sterrett is Johnson's former cafe manager. He is a negro. And he never had enough money to buy a saloon in the world.

If Henry Sterrett really bought Johnson's place, some one else put up the money, and the city ought to investigate.

Various newspapers have been good enough to remove Johnson to France or Russia in the last few days.

Patient—I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory. Doctor—Ah, yes! Why—er—in cases of this nature I always require my fee in advance.